

The ALETHEIAN

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For Truth Seekers *and* Truth Tellers

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY FRANCES ALETHEIA DILOPOULO FOR
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The ALETHEIA SOCIETY

TEACHES that all Truth—through Spirit Impulse, or Inspiration, finds expression through psychology—the Science of the Soul.

This Society is a part of the Great Brotherhood visible and invisible, existent from all time; rising to renewed life in each successive cycle. Our Creed is faith in the Supreme, obedience to the Creator, in All-Truth, All-Love, All-Harmony. We believe in the elimination of personal interests for the good of all humanity.

Where Truth is Fear is Not

ALETHEIAN, thou must become immune to error, deaf to criticism, mute to censure, impervious to flattery, unmoved by praise, yet giving kindness ever, if thou wouldst walk in the way of Truth.

THINK purely, speak truth only, uplift, hearken no evil communications, bear no malice, heal the sick, help to raise the fallen, annihilate error, live in charity for all mankind, disseminating only Light, Love and Truth.

ROOM 37
18 HUNTINGTON AVE

The Light of The New Year



Behold I see a wond'rous form,
I hear a voice proclaim
In accents tender, sweet *and*
clear

The great Unspoken Name
And as I gaze in ecstasy,
Heaven's realms are opened wide
And countless radiant angel forms
Are standing by my side.



I hear the Angel Messengers,
Proclaim "Peace, peace to men!"
As shines in heaven's blue vaulted dome
The promised Star again:
And myriad hosts sing "Earth, behold!
The Star of Light is nigh
Fair portent of a brighter dawn
Illumes thy midnight sky!"

O Jesu, Thou *of* Bethlehem,
Brother, I hear thy call,
'Tis "Follow, follow Truth's fair star"
The beacon burns for all!
Our Great Creator in His love
Thy Father God, and mine,
Hath placed His Star of peace above,
A covenant Divine.

—ALETHEIA.

What we Have to Say

DOWN the long line of the Inspired Ones, from the prophets of remotest antiquity man had looked for one who might lead the Brotherhood to supreme self-mastery; to attainment of the All-Highest-Life.

Came One in all humility; a conqueror of self. Those of the world, having not the eyes of spiritual discernment, knew Him not, yet the Brotherhood knew him by the questions he asked, by the lessons he taught, by the wisdom he unfolded, knew they Him. But the world, heedless, misunderstanding ever, was first only attracted to him by outward signs and wonders. A world comprehending only in the smallest degree the Spirit Power made manifest in the Man of Galilee. Came He speaking to the multitude, restoring sight to the blind,—spiritual sight as well as material sense; teaching mankind the wond'rous power of the Spirit, healing body, mind and soul.

Those who deny spirit manifestation cannot fully comprehend Jesus' teachings. He was the Supreme Manifestation of Spirit in an earth body. Jesus came to the Children of Earth nearly two thousand years ago, teaching love and compassion, peace and good-will to men.

Today the glorious illumination of the Spirit manifested in Jesus shines on undimmed by the multi-colored globes of man-made opinion wherein sectarian factions have sought to imprison the Light, claiming it as all their own. Though each faction point to its own particular church as the best and truest beacon, 'tis but the color of individual opinion, through which the light shines that gives it a seeming difference. The Sacred Flame of the Spirit is indeed the "One True Light;" ever the same, the light of the Great Eternal Spirit.

The torch-bearers of Truth ever bear her beacon, flaming free, unfettered and fearless. This day revives, all glorious, enduring Truth.

The ancient faith of the Brotherhood recognizes in the Creator only the Eternal Father. Recognized by the spiritual-minded of all nations as the Great Spirit, called by the American Indians, Manitou, by the Chinese Ho Joss, by the ancient Indians, Ee-o-wah, by the ancient Faithists, Eloih, by Hebrew history, Jeho-

vah, and so called in the Christian bibles of today. Jesus taught us to recognize the Supreme only, and as he came among the disciples and Faithist followers, Jesus spoke always of the Father, proclaiming the brotherhood of man as he said, "I am thine Elder Brother." Again, "I come in the name of Him that sent me. Greater works than these shall ye do in my name." These words are addressed to that band of Faithist followers called disciples, and through them to the Illumined of Spirit for all time to come. These are The Brotherhood, and though many come In His Name the faithful are able to recognize each other at all times and in all places.

The Brotherhood has had many prophets and seers. Ringing down the centuries, the voices of psalmist and poet proclaim, ever anew, the glory of God in songs of thanksgiving. The poets and prophets, the seers of today, are ever unfolding greater and grander truths. Soul and Science, hand-in-hand, Spirit illumined with clear-eyed vision, daily and hourly lead the world through this All Highest Light.

We are passing from the era that enthroned intellect, worshipping the material as the natural man. We are entering the era of soul, wherein intellect is recognized as a servant of Spirit.

What is the natural man? The body with its material brain? O, Seeker of Truth, if this is your belief, you are still groping by the ray of the candle, unheeding the great arc light of Wisdom.

If the body is the natural man, then the garments of wool or cotton or other fabric might be called the natural body, but this is not so. They are the clothing devised by man to cover the external body; so the flesh body is the clothing devised by the Creator to cover the central or natural man, who is spirit. Spirit only is real, in that spirit only is indestructible. The spiritual man is the natural man. The evil-doer, the lump of clay animated by strange impulses, is the unnatural man. His body is possessed, or obsessed, it may be, by forces endeavoring to operate through him. The shade of falsehood oftentimes masquerades as Truth, but Truth as manifests itself in the Spirit, behold the shade is dispelled in the light of Truth.

Man ever questions the teachings of those who merely expound

doctrine and reiterate dogma. As the thirsty earth absorbs the dews of heaven, so the thirsty soul absorbs with unquenchable eagerness the inspirational streams of wisdom given through the prophets and seers of today as in æons long beyond the memories of time.

The cry of the Truth seeker is "Light, more light! Let us have light in its fullest and grandest power of illumination."

As the feeble, flickering flames of the rush light were the first words of wisdom expressed through man. The steadier gleam of the candle came next. And even as Prophet succeeded Prophet, illumination has succeeded illumination. As oil followed the candle, and gas followed oil, leading up to the radiant incandescent and the powerful arc light evolved through the scientific application of electricity until the darkest corners are made to shine as the day, so spiritual science and spiritual revelation are illuminating the soul and penetrating the darkest corners of the mental maze. Yet the candle has its mission, the oil its usefulness. Thus the truths of the old era lead to the higher truths of today. The old is never lost; the new is Truth intensified, strengthened, expanded to a greater and all-pervading illumination.

Where one teacher arose to cry, all is Mind, thousands now voice the higher truth, all is Spirit illuminating mind; for mind is but the vehicle of spirit. Even as carbon and wire and crystal globes become conductors and containers for the electrical currents that carry the light, so mind is the vehicle or transmitter of those vibrations, spiritual currents, ever flowing from the great dynamic center, recognized as the Creator.

O, Seeker of Truth, follow thine all highest light. Lift up thine eyes to the full glory of pure illumination. Discard sectarian "blinders;" the orange and saffron globes of man-made philosophies, subduing the light, distorting truth, coloring doctrine, "shielding the eyes of the initiated;" thereby leaving the weary follower groping, winding in a treadmill, teaching the material, the mental, but never the spiritual, or risen soul. The Initiate may grasp the Light only through diligent seeking. He that hath grasped Light becometh a torch-bearer, for one that hath, giveth unto others.

Bereavement

HERE comes a time within the lives of all,
When happy spirits droop and pleasures pall,
And each bright thought and every promise fair
Is withered by the demon of despair.
With deepest gloom the future is o'er hung,
The past fades like a child who dies when young,
And sorrow's dark cloud o'er the soul appears,
Shuts out the light and drowns the heart with tears,
And dread forebodings whisper while we pray,
Farewell to joy forever passed away.

But softly, gently beams a tender light,
A spirit morning, breaking through the night,
Sweetly illumines the soul with purest ray,
Divinely shines, while Angel voices say,
Rest weary mortal, raise your tearful eyes,
Through faith behold a soul, in Paradise,
Who shattered all his earthly prison bars,
And, o'er the shining pathway of the stars,
Now occupies a golden mansion rare,
And waits for you his happiness to share.

Weep not beloved, from his home above,
With smiles he views your tears, returns your love.
Look forward to the time when in the light
Of bliss eternal, free from any night,
You'll wander with him o'er the azure fields,
In perfect love which perfect pleasure yields,
And joyousness, supreme delight and mirth,
Surpassing far all happiness of earth.
With many friends you'll greet each comer new,
Rejoiced at each escape to Heaven and you.
Belief, surrender, love, acceptance, prayer,
Insure immortal life to mortals there.

—*Daniel T. Kimball.*

The Master's Voice

NOT of thyself, oh Man, art thou able to lift one stone, yet through the power of the Spirit, in obedience, thou shalt remove mountains. Obedience is unquestioning acceptance of the tasks laid upon thee. Take up thy burden and strength shall be given thee. Nought shall be required of thee that is beyond thine abilities. Shape thy Will to obedience, with gladness and thy burdens shall become blessings.

Recognition of the demand upon thee is in itself the proof of thy powers. Thou shalt be fed through the Spirit. Mortal strength is of small avail but spiritual strength is omnipotent.

In so much as thou shalt, through obedience, become a channel for spiritual power, in so much shall power be given thee. Walk thou uprightly before heaven and earth and pause not to consider the mind of man.

Lead My children into the fair fields of spiritual vision. Let thine outpourings be from the influx of Spirit, for My Spirit is the Spirit of Truth poured out upon thee with love and exceeding great compassion. Oh my Beloved, be unto all men as a true testimony of patience and of Faith! Falter not. Speak thou of My mercies and of My love all the days of thy life.

Receive thou My inspiration and minister unto them that have need of thee.

When thou art led unto the high mountain, take heed that thou prayest there in silence; in due time thou shalt be led thence.

The morning and the evening are as one in My sight, then wherefore fearest thou the morrow? The morrow and the morrow are fair to behold; for behind the darkest cloud shineth the sun forever.

Strive not only to enter into soul consciousness, but to dwell therein. There shalt thou walk in beauty midst celestial light, while yet thy spirit is united to the mortal flesh. The earth body is but a garment to them that are pure in heart, and as a garment, the spirit may cast off the body and resume it at will. When in the silence the spirit is invited to dwell within the living temple of the soul; soul and body become as spirit, receiving and reflecting and radiating all light, all love, all truth.

Fair is the citadel of the understanding soul. The mind that

accepts and uses the wisdom placed before it is as a city swept and garnished for a festal day, but the mind that merely devours books and quotes doctrine is as a storehouse heaped high with grain moldering into dust behind fast locked doors.

Open the windows of thy soul, oh Mortal, let in the light if thou wouldest give out light. The torch of Truth is ever ready for the hand that would steadfastly bear it.

—Given through Aletheia.



Love's Vigil

AT night I stand beside thy little bed
And meditate on what thou wilt become,
My little son, for whom I gave my life—
Thou dost not know that I am here, alas!
Whilst I, unseen, in watchfulness, bend low
To hear the beating of thy baby heart.

If thou shouldst reach the envied heights of life,
Thy mother still shall stand by thy right arm;
And shouldst thou choose the lurid path of vice,
Still shall thy mother watch and know thy shame.
With saddened heart that breathes a silent prayer,
To guide thy wayward steps she still will strive,
With trust implicit in the Source of Good,
Knowing that time brings right from every wrong;
That soon or late each being who has erred
Enters the travail of a great remorse
From which the strongest, noblest souls are born.

—Marguerite Head.

Even as You and I

BELoved, have you ever entered "The Secret of His Presence" and said: "Lord, I would be one of those who walk only in Thy Path, and seek only Thy Will?"

On leaving the Sanctuary, did you take the Peace of God with you; and all during the day did you walk softly, speak softly, and breath Harmony into all of your actions? Did you stop to remember that "we must not only call Lord, Lord! but we must obey?"

Have you given of your love to those with whom you came in contact, and to all things? For "Love is the ladder by which we climb to a knowledge of God." Or, have YOU gone forth, as I, beginning your daily tasks with a keen dislike of them—forgetting that they were set for YOU by the Master whom you said you desired to serve?

Have you, too, spoken harshly; made your surroundings inharmonious; have you become irritated with your loved ones, so that you said and thought unkind things? Have you, too, (even as I) wrought chaos where order should reign; feeling all the while a consciousness of your misbehavior; trying to still the Voice which was so soft and so persistent? Then you, even as I, must have cried out at last in the misery of your disobedience:

"Father, forgive me! For without you I am nothing!"

When I meditate in my little room I know, indeed, that "in Thy Presence is fullness of joy—but when in my arrogance I try to walk alone, I am lost! Father take care of me!"

Then, Beloved, with a sudden sense of stillness and awe, you have *felt* the Presence. "Lo, I AM with you always; *within* YOU is the Sanctuary. There is My Shrine. There is My Presence. He who seeth Me in all things, and all things in Me, looseth not his hold on Me, for I forsake him not."

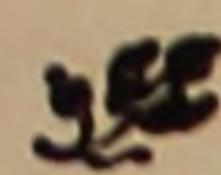
If you have felt this, Beloved, as I have, then you are of those who know; and knowing USE your knowledge.

"Arise, shine, for your Light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon YOU."

For although the "end of the Law is obedience," the *whole* of the Law is LOVE; if you would abide always in "The Secret of

His Presence;" if you would be "of those who walk only in His Path, and seek only His Will"—then love much. Love your work, which is the only work that YOU are fitted for *now*, else it would not have been given you. Love both the just and the unjust, for "Love is kind; Love does not envy; does not seek the things of self, but takes glad share in Truth—the one Reality—the Changeless Spiritual Basis of Life.

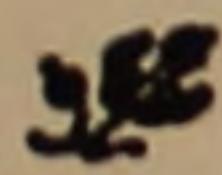
Lydia E. Lange.



In the moment a government curtails man's liberty of religious expression, in that moment is that nation placed in bondage; woe be unto them that would thus crucify the soul.

Expression of our inmost feeling is as natural as to breath. If we would be free men and free women we must have convictions and express them in our daily life.

Singleness of purpose is necessary to achievement. Achievement is the goal of existence. In achievement only is progress obtainable. He that strives most achieves most and he that conquereth pride, prejudice and passion hath achieved more than he that buildeth a city.



Trifles

A pebble dropped in the ocean,
A word let loose in the air,
May give a rippy motion
That breaks—we know not where.

One look may sink a spirit,
One word may save a soul,
One single act may ne'er permit
Some heart to reach its goal.

It is trifles sap the heart's joys,
Where sweetest hopes should flow;
It is constant trust in earth's joys
That causes half our woe.

H. R. B.

The Cat's Paw

A narrative of startling facts involving a notable group of people.

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CHAPTERS XIV-XV

WITH the kindly sympathy so characteristic of her, Marie made Fanny welcome; troubled as she was with the latter's incomprehensible behavior, Marie began to try and soothe the excited girl very much as one would humor a child or a patient suffering with delirium. This was almost the last straw for poor Fanny. All others might criticise or misjudge, but Marie had always seemed to understand. It was this that had given the girl courage to come to her in this last overwhelming attack.

"Now," thought Fanny despairingly, "even Marie is beginning to think me irresponsible." Fanny looked fixedly at her friend and in one of those strange flashes of clairvoyance that frequently came to her she said quietly, "Marie, please be patient and believe in me a little while longer. This whole thing is being sent to me with a definite purpose for good. I do not know why I say it, but I do know that I am just about to find the key to something I should have known long ago. I feel as if all the harrassing things that have followed me for years are about to be made clear. This matter is not closed yet. The supreme test is coming very, very soon. I tell you that the man who has persistently followed me up, thwarted my efforts and destroyed my hopes for years, is behind this affair in some mysterious way. I am about to know who he is. I am going to be brought face to face with him soon and I am going to win out."

As she spoke the exalted expression of her face was suddenly overshadowed as she added, almost in a whisper, "but, Marie, something dreadful is going to happen to me in the next twenty-four hours. I can't understand it, I don't know why, but I feel as if I were locked up in a strange house. I see a barred door and barred windows. I tell you I see them. If anything hap-

pens to me, if I should disappear suddenly within the next twenty-four hours, I want you to notify the chief of police and tell him to have every private sanitarium searched, every questionable resort raided. Some one is going to try to—”

“Oh, Fanny, don’t, I am beginning to think that you really are losing your mind. For goodness sake, what motive would anyone have—why, you are just all unnerved, come now, go to sleep and forget your troubles, you will be all right tomorrow.”

Fanny smiled wanly. “All right, we will see, but I feel it, I see it, and I know it’s going to happen. I see a house in a queer lonely part of the city, I see myself locked in a room with bars over the windows; I shall be there tomorrow night!” Marie marvelled to see her sink into a quiet sleep with these ominous words on her lips.

With morning came the wonderful recuperative power that made Fanny always a marvel to her friends. She was quiet and very pale, but the excitement of the previous day was evidently overcome. Marie was obliged to leave the house early, her business requiring her to be absent all day. She left Fanny with many regrets and repeated injunctions to keep still, rest and not worry until she should return.

Fanny smiled quietly, saying, “Very well, but don’t forget to ‘phone Major Sylvester if—”

“Oh, forget that,” said Marie. “I’m dreadfully sorry but I must go to the office. If Martha comes to clean up tell her to go ahead, she knows what to do, and you stay right in bed until I get back. Have Martha fix whatever you want for luncheon.”

Left alone Fanny fell back upon the pillows with a sigh of exhaustion. Pressing her hands over her eyes she tried to shut out the vision of that something that seemed menacing her so closely. The slow tears trickled through her fingers as she whispered, “My God, why must this thing come to me?” As if in answer to the question a voice seemed to say, “Because you must know in order to understand. I will help you. Behold the shadow of my wings shall enfold thee and they that seek to destroy thee shall be caught in their own net. Peace, peace and fear not.”

Suddenly Fanny found herself chanting softly, “O Lord, Lord,

thou art my strength and salvation, let me never be put to confusion." She arose with a strange sense of elation and comfort. The overpowering physical weakness of the past few days suddenly left her. She felt as if a chasm yawned at her feet, yet sure than angel wings would bear her safely across. Fanny began to set the apartment to rights. All the accumulated tasks of the week that awaited the delinquent Martha were undertaken and finished almost unconsciously. She felt as if a band of unseen beings were helping her. She could hear them singing all the hymns that she had loved and sung as a child. Joining her voice to the invisible choir, she marvelled at the melody and strength of her own notes. The voice that she had long thought lost returned in full power with a beauty and strength it had never had before. All day she worked and sang. No task seemed too heavy for her new found strength. Yesterday she had found it necessary to cling to walls and fences to steady her tottering frame. Today she was performing tasks that would tax a buxom maid of all work. At last it was done. Every room in perfect order. The floors oiled and even the tiny kitchen scrubbed and spotless.

At five o'clock Fanny slipped into a fresh kimona and was lying at rest, healthily weary, but by no means exhausted, when Marie let herself in softly with the latch key. "Poor girl," she said, "what's the matter, Fan, are you all in?" Then, as she glanced about the apartment delightedly, she exclaimed: "There now, Martha did come after all and she's been doing herself proud, hasn't she?"

"Martha didn't come at all," said Fanny.

"Then who?"

"I," was the response.

"You, merciful heavens! I didn't know but what I might find you in the hands of a doctor and a couple of trained nurses by this time. Well, of all the miraculous cures!"

"Yes, it is a miracle," said Fanny quite gravely. "Some wonderful power for good came to me and simply lifted the burden off my heart and out of my whole being. I felt as if I were in the company of angels all day. I think it must have been a lit-

tle bit of soul-science. At any rate I know that the Christ Spirit has been with me."

Marie began immediately to prepare the evening meal, demanding that Fanny should not tax herself further. As the appetizing dishes were set upon the table she called from the dining room, "Now come just as you are, kimona and all." As Fanny sat down to the table and the cheerful Marie pressed her to eat, a sudden gripping sensation around her heart left her pale and quivering, and despite her effort at self-control, big silent tears coursed down her cheeks.

Marie looked at her, startled, "Why, what is it, why you're all right. Here it is eight o'clock and not a thing has happened."

Fanny glanced at the clock and in a strange voice whispered, "It is just two minutes of eight and it's going to happen now."

On the instant heavy steps sounded in the hall and a hand knocked peremptorily upon the door. Marie rose, hesitatingly, saying, "Why, who can that be, why didn't they ring the bell." She crossed to the door, opening it a very little and in a voice totally unlike her own said, "What do you want?"

A deep, gruff voice responded, "Is this Mrs. Fanny Heath?"

Marie hesitated and then said, distinctly: "She doesn't live here."

(To be continued)



Love's Nobility

For this is Love's nobility:
Not to scatter goods and gold,
Food and raiment bought and sold,
But to hold fast his simple sense
And speak the words of innocence;
For he that feeds men serveth few,
He serves all men who dares be true.

—Emerson.

What the Stars Foretell*

"The Stars Incline, But do Not Compel"

* * * *

THE Planets influence, but do not decide your destiny. YOU shall make or mar your own future.

As the potter shapes the clay so character is moulded. Shape your own patiently, wisely and well; thus you shall fashion a beautiful product from even the commonest clay.

BIRTHDAY CHARACTER READINGS BASED UPON THE HOROSCOPE

Capricorn, the tenth sign of the Zodiac, symbol the Goat, begins December 23, ends January 20th. Those born December 20th to 25th are under the cusp of Saggitarius and Capricorn, partaking of the nature of both signs. They are great thinkers, broad and diversified in opinion, gay, sparkling and vivacious at times, with corresponding "fits of the blues" unless the mind is awakened and trained to right thinking. You accept no man's estimate of another, choose your companions, religion, and amusements without regard to convention or prejudice. This is quite contrary to the characteristics of those born a few degrees further on in Capricorn. Quick to recognize the best in others, a difference of opinion never interferes with your liking for a friend. You are a natural teacher; knowing how to hold the love of all comers; you have the courage of your convictions, are fervid and overwhelming in oratory, sweeping aside prejudice, piercing bubbles of pretense, always convincing, lovable and beloved. Many powerful preachers are born on this cusp.

Should your birthday fall on December 26 to 27 the occult and mystic exerts a powerful influence upon you and, through you, upon all with whom you come in contact. You always see the silver lining behind the clouds; the radiant promise "just ahead." Rarely voicing your beliefs, you are ever conscious of

* Those who would refute the teachings of Astrology are invited to submit intelligent reasons to support their arguments.

unseen guidance, recognizing and heeding your Guardian Angels. You are the "progressive pilgrim;" giants of doubt and despair may assail, but you are ever up and ready to press forward, oftentimes bruised and buffeted, but never overwhelmed; never conquered! Your methods are usually entirely your own. You are accurate, neat, tasteful, capable; oftentimes wilful, restless, but always intellectual. You are kind and affectionate and your children especially are devoted to you, though you are not very demonstrative. Suitable occupations, teacher, elocutionist, musician, preacher, milliner, lecturer, book-keeper or stenographer. Gem, turquoise, onyx. Colors, black and dark blue. Your natural mate will be one born in your own sign or in Taurus, Virgo or Libra.

If born between January first and fifth your executive ability is great. Though lacking in initiative, you are quick to seize another's idea and *improve* upon it. Others blaze the trail; you quickly follow, cutting a wide swath as you go. You exert more dominance than is wise, often override the rights and feelings of others, especially if they are not of your own family. You have small consideration for those you term outsiders. Appearances weigh too much with you. Look less at the letter and more into the spirit of love and duty. If born on the third or fourth of the month you will sweep all objections aside and assume control of whatever crosses your path. This, you do so good-naturedly, that many will fall back to watch your efforts and marvel at your energy and assurance. Promoters, astute politicians, actors and musicians are frequently born in these degrees of Capricorn. You love children, animals, travel, music, entertaining and company. Solitude rarely appeals to you. Too fond of applause and very susceptible to flattery. Cultivate your spiritual nature and learn to work for achievement's sake. Avoid speculation, and all that appeals to the lower nature. Best occupations for those of your nativity, dramatist, poet, musician or teacher.

If born from January sixth to eleventh your scheming propensities are stronger. Love of power dominates and desire for wealth actuates your efforts. You are very likely to become a banker, broker, lawyer, clerk, or railroad manager. Women born

under these degrees of Capricorn usually marry advantageously, from a financial standpoint. Love of children is frequently the greatest love of your life. You possess mechanical ability and inventiveness, would have success in promoting the inventions of others. You can be very stubborn, will often go directly against your higher judgment, perversely choosing the evil instead of the good, until some shock or grief awakens the better nature. Naturally selfish and whimsical you must strive with all your being to eliminate selfishness. True happiness ever lies in putting others before self.

Born between January seventh to tenth your mechanical ability and ingenuity are predominant. You are a good house-keeper, and financier, watchful of your own interests, usually affectionate and genial, but always ready to look out for number One. Stubborn, quick to retaliate, always ready to give advice. Secretive and rather mysterious in your daily affairs, you can be very cunning and capable of being intensely selfish and must ever strive to overcome love of ease and indolence. You have the power to rise to great heights. Unlike some natives of Capricorn, if you err it is never in ignorance, but through deliberate purpose. Your natural concepts of right and wrong are so clear that you cannot understand how anyone can be "led or misguided." You *know* right and wrong, your misdeeds are therefore doubly dark, because wilful. Choose then, the higher and serene and beautiful will be your ascent into paths of beauty and of peace. Certain Saggitarius types are at once your victims and your friends. If you mate with Taurus, to whom you are physically attracted, there will be an unending struggle for supremacy, and probable divorce, unless you become magnanimous. Virgo and Libra types, possessing greater tact, may make better marital companions for you.

If born January 13th to 14th the cunning, foxy nature is intensified. Always planning, scheming, hiding something from those who should have your confidence. You believe in cold justice,—for others,—you accept the consequences of your own acts and have little patience with suffering. Rarely demonstrative and lacking in sentiment, you are likely to make an unhappy marriage unless you carefully and rigidly cultivate your nobler instinct. Your nature draws you into intrigues for power. Hard, unsympathizing and determined to make use of all in your environment, you sometimes complain of the hardness of the bed you make for others, and are sometimes forced to share. Soften, grow sympathetic, and the Sun of your own nature will melt you and others into a beautiful blending of happiness.

(Continued in the Aletheian for March)

The Aletheia Society

Teaches that all Truth—through Spirit Impulse, or inspiration, finds expression through psychology—the Science of the Soul.

WE invite you to unite in the Circle of UNIVERSAL SOUL COMMUNION for the upliftment of the Nations, including all beings of all worlds, in common with yourself and ourselves.

The word *upliftment* epitomizes all good—not only health, happiness, peace and plenty on the material plane, but perfect spiritual unfoldment through *Soul Consciousness*. We shall become interiorly illuminated by the radiant light of the Spirit; through the strength, peace, poise and power thus attained, we shall radiate Truth, peace, poise and power to all. This is the power that uplifts the weak, raises the fallen, both visible and invisible, and from the heights so attained there is no looking backward.

We invite you, therefore, to join with us in devoting one half hour each day, alone in the silence for the upliftment of the whole being of all beings. The blessings you invoke and radiate return to you a thousandfold.

If you would be an Aletheian, be kind, be true, be not self-seeking. Read the thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. Let it be a part of your daily meditation for soul communion and the healing of the nations. Send out love to all the world with faith supreme, for herein is the kingdom on earth that buildeth up the kingdom of the heavens.

Seek ye, Oh Mortal, the fountain of life? The fountain thereof is truth.

All beings that dwell in love and truth, these be thy guides until thou, too, shall harken unto the Divine Message, sounding softly within thine own soul, cleaving the shadows, rending the veil of doubt, opening wide the windows of light into the heavenly realms of peace and love Supreme!

Peace be unto you in the spirit of Truth, wherein is Faith Eternal.

—*The Aletheia Society.*

The Scroll of Fate

The moving finger writes and having writ,
Not all your piety nor wit shall wash out half a line
Nor cancel half a word of it."

—Omar Khayyam

Many of the Hindoos, as well as the Greeks, being of pure Aryan strain, have preserved the ancient science of Palmistry and continue to practise it according to its original teachings. The American and English Palmists possessing psychic power are among the cleverest readers in the world. It is to be remembered that these nations are also of Aryan origin. In Scotland the gift of the "second sight," which is really psychic power or clairvoyance, now termed the sixth sense, has long been recognized. Here again we trace the Aryan strain through which these powers have survived the degeneration of the dark ages.

Any one of the many text books on the subject, will tell you that Palmistry is the science of Chiromancy, or language of the hand. This being the art of reading character and events from the formation and development of the various mounts of the hand, named to correspond to the planets, also from the shape, size and appearance of the fingers, the nails and the texture of the skin; and from the lines and "signs" upon the palm and inner surface of the fingers.

All health conditions shown by the hand are practically the same as the facts taught in the study of anatomy. The physician notes the texture, and appearance of the skin, and nails, also to some extent the muscular and fleshy formations; thus far, he and the trained palmist are one in their deductions.

At the interpretation of lines and signs upon the hand, the physician's knowledge ceases unless he has taken up the study of palmistry, as a very large number of the members of the medical profession have done. But understanding the narrow view of the untutored mind, the medical practitioner is not so foolish as to mention the source of his advanced knowledge, well knowing that the ignorant would instantly be ready to charge him with quackery and charlatanism.

It has been my experience that when a progressive physician comes in contact with an honest and proficient palmist he at once becomes a convert to the science and manifests an eager desire to master its principles.

—*The Palmist.*

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There are no bonds, mortgages, or other securities outstanding against The Aletheian Magazine.

(Signed)

FRANCES A. H. DILOPOULO.

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I, Frances A. H. Dilopoulo, being duly sworn, depose and say that the foregoing statement is true of my own knowledge.

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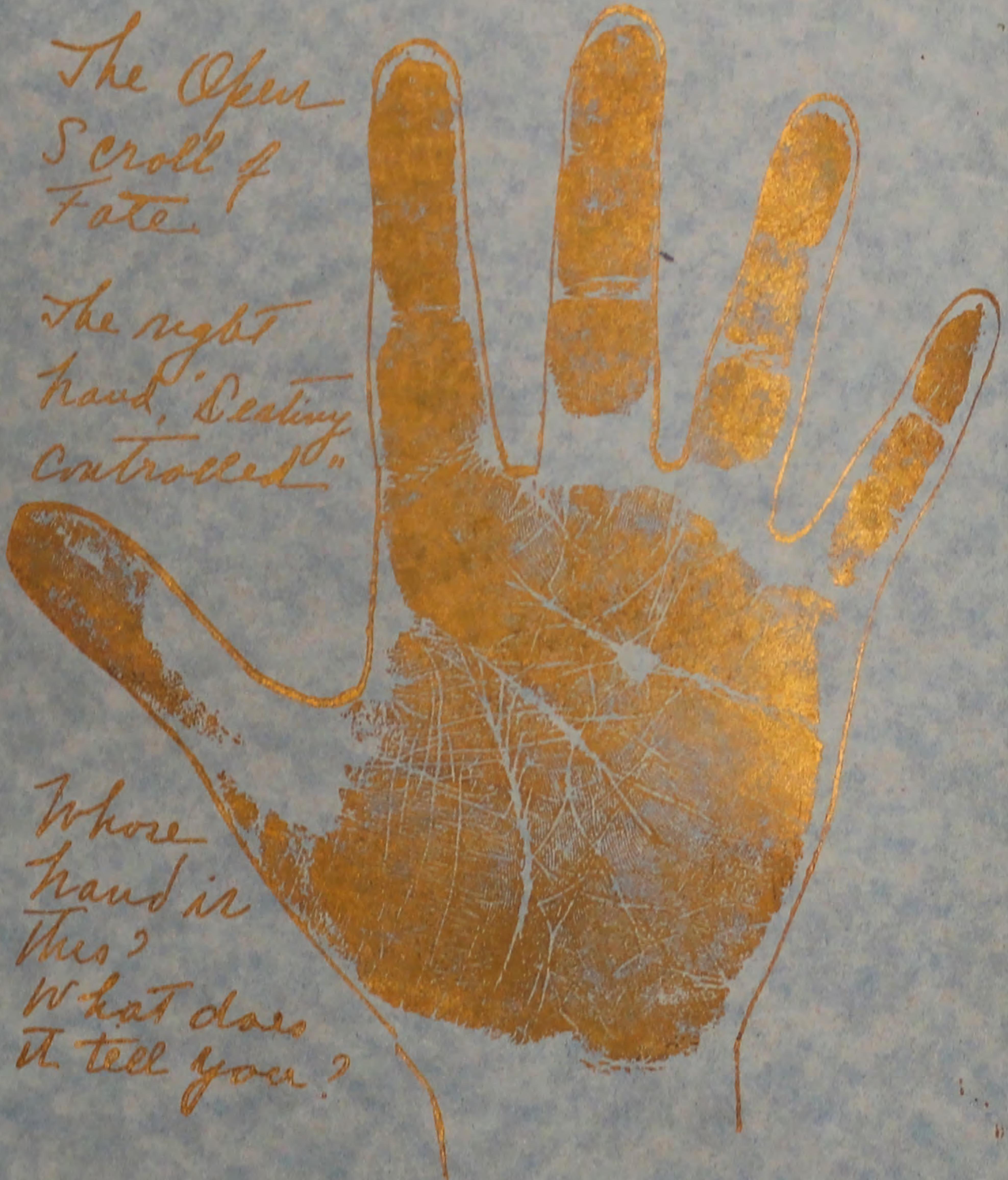
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